



Gabby Hayes

10¢



No. 52

GABBY HAYES

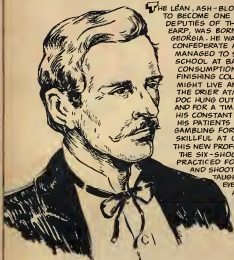
ADVENTURE
COMICS

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



'Doc' HOLLIDAY

the Fast Draw Dentist



THE LEAN, ASH-BLONDE GUN-SWIFT, WHO WAS LATER TO BECOME ONE OF THE ALMOST LEGENDARY DEPUTIES OF THE FAMOUS U.S. MARSHAL WYATT EARP, WAS BORN JOHN H. HOLLIDAY IN VALDOSTA, GEORGIA. HE WAS THE SON OF AN IMPOVERISHED CONFEDERATE ARMY MAJOR, WHO SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SEND HIM THROUGH DENTISTRY SCHOOL AT BALTIMORE. HAVING CONTRACTED CONSUMPTION, HE WAS ADVISED AFTER FINISHING COLLEGE, TO GO WEST WHERE HE MIGHT LIVE ANOTHER TWO OR THREE YEARS IN THE DRIER ATMOSPHERE OF THE HIGH PLAINS. DOC HUNG OUT HIS SHINGLE IN DALLAS, TEXAS, AND FOR A TIME HAD A GOOD PRACTICE. HOWEVER HIS CONSTANT COUGHING FINALLY DROVE AWAY HIS PATIENTS AND DOC HAD TO RESORT TO GAMBLING FOR A LIVING. HE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY SKILLFUL AT CARDS AND IN THE COURSE OF THIS NEW PROFESSION FOUND THAT MASTERY OF THE SIX-SHOOTER WAS A NECESSITY. HE PRACTICED FOR HOURS ON END AT DRAWING AND SHOOTING AND AT THE END OF HIS SELF-THAUGHT COURSE FELT THAT HE WAS ON EVEN OR BETTER TERMS WITH MOST ANY ADVERSARY HE SHOULD ENCOUNTER. HIS COURAGE, POSSIBLY INDUCED BY THE FACT THAT HE KNEW HIS DAYS WERE RUNNING OUT, COUPLED WITH SPEED AND ACCURACY, MADE HOLLIDAY A FORMIDABLE GUN-FIGHTER.



DOC'S FIRST GUN-FIGHT OCCURRED IN DALLAS, TEXAS, OVER A DISPUTED GAME OF CARDS. HIS OPPONENT WAS AN EXPERT AT THE SIX-GUN GAME, BUT DOC OUTDEWE AND OUTSHOT HIM WITHOUT RISING FROM THE TABLE. HOLLIDAY HAD TO LEAVE DALLAS FAST AS THE DEAD GUNSLINGER HAD TOO MANY FRIENDS ANXIOUS TO EVEN THE SCORE FROM AMBUSH.



IN DENVER, HOLLIDAY RAN UP AGAINST A CITY ORDINANCE WHICH PROHIBITED CARRYING GUNS, SO FOR HIS FAVORITE NICKEL-PLATED COLT HE SUBSTITUTED A KNIFE, SLUNG BY A CORD BACK OF HIS NECK. A GAMBLER, ONE JUD RYAN, TRIED A SLEAZY DEAL ON DOC, BUT EVEN THOUGH RYAN WENT FOR A HIDE-OUT GUN, DOC'S KNIFE DREW FIRST BLOOD AND RYAN WAS CUT UP FRIGHTFULLY.

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER AND ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MALMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LeRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES ★ SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX BITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



MY BRAINS CAN STOP THE YARMINTS.' YES SIRE! ONE GENIUS LIKE ME IS WORTH TWENTY PATROLS!



WE'LL TRY ANYTHING! SAVE OUR GOLD, GABBY!

TAKE ME TO GOLD CREEK CAMP, GENTS! I'LL SHOW YUH A PLUMP EASY SOLUTION TO THE SITCHYATION!



SOON, AT THE MINING CAMP...

WE MELTED ALL OUR GOLD, GABBY-- LIKE YUH SAID! BUT WHY?

NEH NEH! THIS IS A GREAT IDEE, EVEN FOR ME!



POUR IT INTO THESE WHEEL MOLDS, GENTS! WE'RE MAKING FOUR GOLDEN WHEELS.'



MUH?

AFTER WE PAINT THEM, THEY'LL LOOK LIKE ORDINARY WAGON WHEELS! NO DABBURNED CROOK EVER BOTHERS TO STEAL WAGON WHEELS!



SOON - BALLS O' FIRE!

THEM WHEELS ARE WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

CORRECT! BUT THE WAGON IS EMPTY!



HAW HAW! WHEN I DRIVE IT TO RAWKDE, I MAY BE HELD UP-- BUT THE FOOL BANDITS WON'T FIND A THING TO ROB!

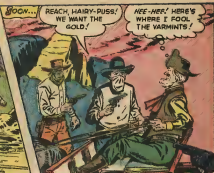
YOU'RE POWERFUL SMART, GABBY!



MINER NUGGETS LOOE TAKES A SPECIAL INTEREST IN GABBY'S PLAN!

RECKON US BANDITS ARE EVEN SMARTER! AS LONG AS WE CAN PASS FOR MINERS WE'LL KNOW EVERY TRICK THEY TRY!







LET'S TEACH THE LOWDOWN SWINDLER A LESSON!

STAND BACK, IDIOTS! IF I LOSE MY TEMPER THE HILLS WILL BE STREWN WITH CARCASSES!



THE CROOK IS GETTING VIOLENT! WE GOTTA STOP HIM PRONTO!

BOOMS



LET'S STRING HIM UP!

ULP! YUH CAN'T REASON WITH A MOB! HIGH TIME I MADE TRACKS!



STOP HIM!

PARDON ME WHILE I TAKE A QUICK BATH.



SWISH

WHEN GABBY REACHES RAWHIDE, HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR STIRS SUSPICION.



WHEE! FASTEST GETAWAY I EVER MADE!

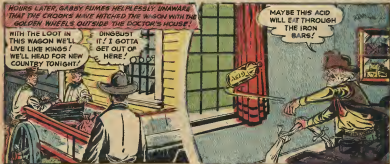
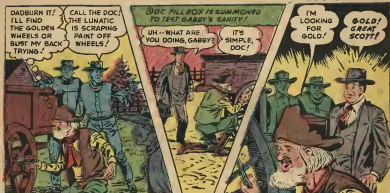


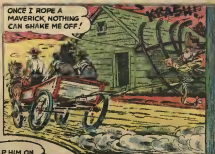
DIG FOR RAWHIDE, HORSE! I GOT A HEAP OF DETECTING TO DO, AFORE THEM MINERS CATCH UP TO ME!

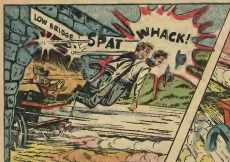


WHAT'S GOT INTO GABBY? HE SKULKS AROUND LIKE A COYOTE, BENT OVER LIKE A WASH-WOMAN!

ALL HE DOES IS LOOK AT WAGON WHEELS! I KNEW HED GO LOCO SOMEDAY!



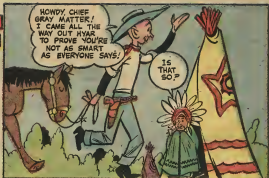




CHIEF

GRAY MATTER

STILL
THE
CHAMP!



HAPPY HOMER



CLINT
HARRISON

JUST AS BAD HAPPY AH LOST MA' BILLFOLD WIF' ALL MA' MONEY IN IT, AN' AH IS AFRAID WHOEVER FINDS IT WILL KEEP IT!



SHUCKS THEY' WOULDN'T BOTHER ME, NOW IF SOMEBODY WUS TA' FIND MA' BILLFOLD THEY IS WELCOME TO KEEP IT, IT WOULD BE OKAY WIF' ME!



YOUR CRAZY! YOU MEAN IF SOMEONE FOUND YOUR BILLFOLD AN' KEPT IT, YOU WOULDN'T CARE?!

NOT A BIT!...



...IT WORE OUT AN' AH THREW IT AWAY THREE MONTHS AGO!





TENDERFOOT TREASURE

A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale



ONE MORNING, some of the boys who had been out rounding up strays happened to stop by at Sourdough Jake's cabin up on Buzzard's Creek. And there was old Sourdough lying on his bunk plumb dead, but no sign of foul play. He was one hundred and seven years old and nobody ever did find out rightly what he died of.

Now there's no need for any of you to get out your bandanas and take to weeping because Old Jake wouldn't have wanted anybody to be bellerin' and carryin' on about him. He was a great one for fun and laughter and playing jokes on people. In fact, he played a big joke on the whole town of Rawhide even after he was dead. That's what I aim to tell you about.

Seems like Jake had written out a note that was a cross between a will and a clue to a secret treasure. He painted that note in big letters all across one wall of his shack. I can remember what it said as plain as the whiskers on my chin.

To Everybody That's Interested:

I have hid my nest egg where you birds will never find it if you dig till you come to China. But since I haven't got any kin-folk, I hereby will my gold to whoever does find it. Reckon a lot of you lazy varmints will work up a big sweat for nothing, but it won't do you a lick of harm, my fine, feathered friends.

He signed it, and then he added a PS:

There's plenty of clues in the above, but I reckon none of you bird brains will be able to figure them out.

Well, of course, practically everybody in awhide and surrounding parts started treasure hunting up on Buzzard's Creek. They dug enough holes all around Jake's cabin to house every gopher that ever lived. They tore up the planks in Jake's floor and pulled the bricks out of his fireplace. And my friend, Bodkins, nearly got himself drowned when he got a notion

that maybe the stuff was hidden at the bottom of the well. But nobody found a nickel.

This was mighty discouraging, for it was generally known that the old prospector had made some good strikes in his time and they figured he had a heap of gold cached away somewhere. But as the days went by and the diggers and hunters got nothing but lame backs and blisters on their hands, they began to give up one by one. In less than a month everybody had given up, and the only time the thing was mentioned would be when one or another would smile kind of crooked and say, "Wasn't that some joke old Sourdough Jake played on all of us? I bet he's laughin' fit to bust, wherever he is now."

'Most a year had gone by when one of these here dudes — a feller that answered to the handle of Chauncey Vestbutton — came out from the east to put up at the Bar Nothing Ranch for a time. Now I, personally, don't much hanker to have these here tenderfoots boarding at the ranch house. I've got nothing agin' them personally, but a greenhorn on a ranch is always getting in the way or getting himself hurt and slowing up the work, generally.

But Aunt Hester loves to have them fancy-talking fellers hanging around and she can gab with them by the hour. She says they add a note of culture to the raw frontier. So that's why we had to put up with Chauncey Vestbutton.

I will describe him. He was a tbin, pale fellow with a long nose and high cheek bones. He had on one of those eastern hats that looks like a soup bowl turned upside down and the rest of his clothes were about as silly.

Work was slack both on the ranches and in Rawhide, so the loafers had plenty of time to think up ways to haze poor old Chauncey. One bunch promised to teach him how to shoot snipes. They made him stand with his back to the horse trough and showed him how to aim

a double-barrelled shotgun with a triple load of powder into it. Then somebody hollered, "There's a snipe, Chauncey! Pull the trigger, quick!"

BOOM! Old Chaunce pulled the trigger, all right, and that gun kicked him backwards into the horse trough and soaked him with water from top-knot to toe nail. The loafers all laughed like blame' fools. Chauncey crawled out, bruised and dripping, and said solemnly, "I guess I'll have to have a bit more practise with that gun."

Then the loafers howled some more, and thought up further devilment. They went through all the usual mean things like getting him thrown off a bucking horse and handing him the wrong end of a branding iron. They even got a 'wild' Indian to threaten to scalp him.

Now the reason I didn't put a stop to the hazing was I thought Chauncey was one of these rich whipper-snappers who needed some pummeling around for the good of his soul. You could've knocked me over with a feather when he came to me one day and in that polite voice of his said, "Mr. Hayes, I would like to have a job."

I told him I thought he was joking. Why would a rich man like him want a job? And he said he wasn't rich at all, that he had worked as a clerk back east and had used up all his life's savings to come west for his health. He said he didn't have much experience on a ranch, but he knew he could get the hang of it in due time.

Shucks, I felt real sorry for him. He was the sort of chap who wouldn't ever make a cowboy if he worked at it for a thousand years. But he was so earnest and serious I just couldn't turn him down flat, so I said, "This is kind of sudden and you better give me a couple of days to think it over." He thanked me and tipped his soup bowl hat. My, but he looked pitiful.

Some of the boys hollered for him to come on with them as they were going on a big ex-

pedition and they had a big surprise all ready for him. They rode away and I began putting my brain to Chauncey's problem. Every way I looked it seemed like there was no solution except for him to go back east and start clerking again.

But those loafers didn't have any pity. The scheme they had thought up was to take Chauncey out to Sourdough Jake's old cabin and show him that message on the wall. Then they'd hand Chaunce a pick and shovel and watch him dig till he dropped.

They had just ridden up in front of the cabin when one of the jokers thought he'd find out if Lady Mush, the horse Chauncey was riding, had enough spunk in her for one more buck. He dug his spur into her and the old mare was so shocked she jumped about ten feet, straight up! And Chauncey went flying up out of the saddle even higher and landed in the crotch of an old oak tree. The jokers were all laughing so hard they didn't hear what Chauncey was saying at first. When they did hear, they all stopped laughing and some started crying. Chaunce was yelling, "Boys, I've found gold! A heap of gold! Hid in the crotch of this tree!"

Chauncey Vestbutton, the greenhorn, tender-foot dude from the east, had found Jake's cache that all the smart hombres had overlooked!

AND you know, when you come to look back at it, Old Jake had put in plenty of clues to tell that the treasure was up a tree. Like he called it "nest egg" and said "you birds" and "fine-feathered friends." He even said, "You'll never find it if you dig." I reckon I was the only one smart enough to figure out them clues, but of course, I didn't need the money!

THE END

*Laugh at the GABBY HAYES TALL TALES
in GABBY HAYES WESTERN*

GABBY HAYES

in THE LOCUST ROUNDUP

THEY'RE
A-CHEWING THE
HILLS BARE AS
AN EGG, GABBY!

TURNATION ! IF THESE
LOCUST CRITTERS MOVE
DOWN INTO OUR RANGELANDS,
EVERY RANCH IN RANWHIDE WILL BE
RUINED ! THE VARMINTS
NEVER STOP EATING !



HARDER TO FIGHT THAN ANY GUNMEN,
MORE COSTLY THAN ANY MUSTLER, ARE THE
GREY INSECT HORDES THAT OVERNIGHT
TURN LUSH PASTURES INTO BARREN DESERTS.
NO WONDER WHY GABBY HAYES OUTDOES HIM-
SELF TO STAGE A LOCUST ROUNDUP !

YEH HEH
HEH !

WHAT'S SO ALL-FIRED
FUNNY, PESTY BUGGS ?
THIS HERE'S A
SERIOUS SITCHYATION
FOR US FOREMEN
AND RANCHERS !



IT'S MORE SERIOUS
THAN YUH KNOW ! FOLK
OVER A THOUSAND
BUCKS EACH, PARDS--
OR ELSE !

AWW ? OR ELSE
WHAT, YUH LOCO
BEETLE INSECT ?



ANY UP, OR I'LL BRING
THE LOCUST PLAGUE TO
YORE RANCHES!



THE LAST IDIT THAT
THREATENED GABBY
HAYES IS SLEEPING ON
BOOT HILL!



DON'T LISTEN TO
THE COYOTE! NO
HOMBRE CAN
CONTROL LOCUSTS!

I'LL PROVE I
CAN---AND
RUN THE BAR
NOTHING
RANCH AT THE
SAME TIME.



BY TOMORROW NIGHT
THERE WON'T BE A BLADE
OF GRASS LEFT ON THE
BAR NOTHING RANGE!



PESTY BUGGS
HAS STUDIED THE INSECTS FOR
YEARS, AND KNOWS ALL THEIR
SECRETS!

THE LOCUSTS LOVE
THIS STRONG-SMELLING
STUFF! THEY'LL
TRAVEL MILES JUST
TO GET A WHIFF
OF IT!



HEH HEH! HERE
THEY COME! THEY'LL
FOLLOW ME STRAIGHT
TO THE BAR NOTHING'S
LUSHEST MEADOW!

AWK!
IT AIN'T
POSSIBLE!



PESTY LURES THE RAVENOUS INSECTS TO THE BAR
NOTHING RANCH-- WHERE A GREAT BATTLE ENSUES!

IT'S NO USE, GABBY!
THEY KEEP A-COMING
FASTER THAN WE
CAN CART THEM
AWAY!

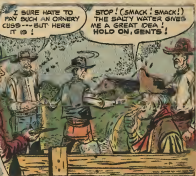
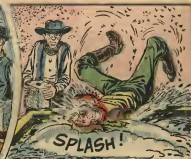
THUNDERATION! MAYBE
THE SMUDGE FIRES WILL
DO THE TRICK!



THE SMUDGE FIRES ARE BUILT, BUT---

COUGH!...IT'S PLUMS
HOPELESS! COUGH!
WE KILL A MILLION AND
A BILLION TAKE THEIR
PLACE!





REMEMBER YORE HISTORY ?
THE MORMONS' CROPS WERE
BEING WIPED OUT BY A
PLAGUE UNTIL THE
GULLS CAME !

YES ! THEY FLEW IN FROM
GREAT SALT LAKE AND
GOBBLED UP THE DRASTED
INSECTS !

LITTLE SALT LAKE ISN'T FAR
OFF ! IF I CAN FETCH SOME
GULLS WE'LL LICK THE LOCUSTS
PRONTO ! KNEEL, CORKER !

BAH !

GABBY'S WONDERFUL HORSE, CORKER, ALWAYS KNEELS FOR
HIS MASTER TO MOUNT AND DISMOUNT !

IT WON'T
WORK ! HE'LL
NEVER GET
THE GULLS
TO COME
HERE !

MAYBE NOT !
BUT WE'LL
KEEP OUR
MONEY UNTIL
WE SEE WHAT
HAPPENS !

GRRR ! I DON'T AIM
TO HAVE GABBY UPSET
MY SCHEME ! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM !

EN ROUTE TO LITTLE SALT LAKE, GABBY
PLOTS A WAY TO LURE THE GULLS FROM
THE LAKE !

I WANT TO BUY
A WAGON LOAD
OF FISH, PARO !

WELL, THESE SHELLY
OLD FISH ARE ONLY
FIT FOR FERTILIZER !
ONLY A GULL WOULD
EAT THEM !

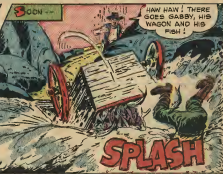
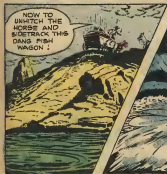
SOLD ! IF THEY'RE GOOD
ENOUGH FOR GULLS, THEY'RE
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME !

HEY ! EVERY
GULL ON THE
LAKE WILL FOLLOW
YUH IF YUH THROW
THEM FISH !

THAT'S
WHAT I
RECKONED,
PARO !

HEE HEE ! ONCE
I LURE THEM
TO THE BAR
NOTHING THE
BIRDS CAN FATTEN
UP ON LOCUSTS !

JOSHAPHAT !
I'LL PUT A STOP
TO THAT
PRONTO !





GABBY RACES TO THE LOCUST-COVERED MEADOWS OF THE BAR NOTHING RANGE---WITH THE GULLS HOT ON HIS TAIL!

I SURE HOPE GULLS REALLY LIKE LOCUST VITTLES!



WAHOOO!
LOOKIT THE
GULLS GOBBLE
UP THE CON-
BARNED BUGS!

HURRAY!
MUST BE
THOUSANDS OF
GULLS---AND
MORE A-COMING!



THE LOCUSTS
ARE SCARED! THEY'RE
FLYING BACK TO THE
HILLS!

HEH. HEH!



YUH SAVED OUR LAND, GABBY!
THESE BIRDS WON'T STOP
TILL EVERY LOCUST IS GONE!



NOW WE'RE SAFE
FROM THIS ORNKRY
BANDIT! LET'S BEAT
HIS BARS BACK!

NO! LET
THE GULLS
TAKE CARE OF
HIM. THEY'RE
PUMBS ACHING TO
PECK AT THIS
BIG FISH!



OWW!
SHOOO!



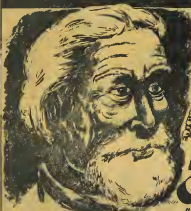
YECOWWWW!
SHOO! STOP A-PECKING!
I AIN'T A FISH!

HEH HEH! THE
DADBURNED TROUBLE-
MAKER'S GOT HIM-
SELF IN A PECK OF
TROUBLE: HE'LL
NEVER DARE TO
MAKE TRACKS
THIS-A-WAY
AGAIN!



WESTERN WONDERS

WAS IT
JESSE JAMES
WHO "BOB FORD"
SHOT ???



COULD IT BE THAT "JESSE JAMES"
IS STILL ALIVE??..... 102 YEAR
OLD J. FRANK DALTON CLAIMS HE IS
"JESSE JAMES"..... AND THAT THE MAN
WHO WAS SHOT AT JESSE JAMES (ALIAS "MR HOWARD") HOME AT ST. JOSEPH,
MO. BY JESSE'S COUSIN BOB FORD ON APRIL 3, 1892 WAS ANOTHER
MEMBER OF THE GANG "CHARLIE BIGELOW!!..... WE WONDER??...

WHO WAS SHOT AT JESSE JAMES (ALIAS "MR HOWARD") HOME AT ST. JOSEPH,
MO. BY JESSE'S COUSIN BOB FORD ON APRIL 3, 1892 WAS ANOTHER
MEMBER OF THE GANG "CHARLIE BIGELOW!!..... WE WONDER??...

TILL THE SANDS OF
THE DESERT GROW
COLD!



HAT LINE FROM A WELL KNOWN SONG, ISN'T SO FAR-
FETCHED AS IT SOUNDS,... WHILE THE SANDS OF
THE WESTERN DESERTS ARE VERY HOT FROM THE BOILING
SUN IN THE DAY TIME,... BUT, THE SANDS COOL OFF VERY
QUICKLY AT NIGHT,... AND IF YOU WERE SLEEP OUT ON THE
DESERT, YOU WOULD FIND IT RATHER CHILLY IF YOU DIDN'T
HAVE A BLANKET!



Chas. H. Thompson

YOUNG FALCON

and THE CUNNING DEATH



THERE CAME A TIME IN THE LIFE OF EVERY YOUNG INDIAN BRAVE WHEN TRADITION DECREED HE MUST MEET IN SINGLE COMBAT THE FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY! BY SLAYING THE BEAR WITH HIS ARROWS HE WOULD PROVE HIS RIGHT TO BEAR THE TITLE OF WARRIOR! BUT WHEN EVERY YOUNG BRAVE MET TARGEDT, YOUNG FALCON WENT FORTH TO BATTLE THE CUNNING DEATH!

ONE MORNING, AS YOUNG FALCON HUNTS THROUGH THE HILLS.....



BY THE GREAT THUNDER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS POOR BRAVE? HIS MOCCASINS MARK HIM AS ONE OF THE ONADONTAS!

HE WILL HUNT NO MORE, THAT IS CERTAIN! HE HAS BEEN TERRIBLY CLAWED AND BITTEN BY A GRIZZLY BEAR!



THE ONADONTAS CAMP IS NOT FAR FROM HERE! I WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS PEOPLE!

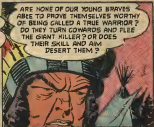


AT THE
CAMP
OF THE
ONADONTAS...



OUR THANKS TO YOU,
YOUNG FALCON, BUT
OUR HEARTS ARE HEAVY!
OF LATE, EVERY ONE
OF OUR YOUNG BRAVES
WHO GOES TO SLAY
THE GIANT GRIZZLY
HAS DIED IN THE
ATTEMPT!

ARE NONE OF OUR YOUNG BRAVES
ABLE TO PROVE THEMSELVES WORTHY
OF BEING CALLED A TRUE WARRIOR?
DO THEY TURN COWARDS AND FLEE
THE GIANT KILLER? OR DOES
THEIR SKILL AND AIM
DESERT THEM?



ONE OR TWO
ALWAYS FAIL TO
PROVE THEMSELVES,
BUT THIS HAS BEEN
EVERY YOUNG
BRAVE! I CANNOT
UNDERSTAND IT!

TO MEET THE GRIZZLY IN
SINGLE COMBAT WITH
BOW AND ARROW IS
INDEED A TEST OF BRAVERY
AND SKILL! YET SOME WHO
HAVE TRIED SHOULD HAVE
SUCCEEDED!



I WILL GO AND HUNT
THIS GRIZZLY WHO
CANNOT BE SLAIN!
PERHAPS I CAN FIND
THE ANSWER TO WHY
THE YOUNG AND
UNTRIED HAVE
FAILED!

YES--IT MAY BE SO! YOU, WITH
YOUR EXPERIENCE IN MEETING
DANGER, MAY SOLVE THIS!
FORTUNE BE WITH YOU
TILL YOU RETURN!



YOUNG FALCON RETURNS TO THE
AREA WHERE HE FOUND THE
MAILED BRAVE!

THE TRACKS OF THE GRIZZLY
ARE EASY TO FOLLOW! BUT
SOMETHING IS STRANGE
ABOUT THEM, SOMETHING
THAT ONLY VERY CAREFUL
EXAMINATION REVEALS!



PERHAPS I OVERESTIMATE THE
CUNNING OF THE GRIZZLY, BUT I
SHALL TRY SOMETHING! ONLY
VICTORY OR DEATH WILL
TELL ME IF I AM
RIGHT!



I WILL WAIT THE
COMING OF THE GRIZZLY
HERE! THIS IS THE KIND
OF GROUND HE LIKES--
HE WILL BE HERE
BEFORE LONG!



PATIENTLY, YOUNG FALCON BIDES HIS TIME AND WHEN.....

AT LAST--HE COMES! HE SEES ME! NOTHING ESCAPES THOSE SHARP EYES!



HE IS CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO BEGIN HIS CHARGE, YET HE WAITS! STRANGE---BUT STILL I BELIEVE MY THEORY IS CORRECT!



THEN SUDDENLY, THE HUGE BEAR BEGINS TO LOPE TOWARD YOUNG FALCON!

GROWL!

NOW HE COMES AT ME, BUT IT IS NOT A FULL CHARGE AS IT SHOULD BE!



HE STILL DOES NOT RUSH AT A FULL CHARGE! HE MOVES JUST FAST ENOUGH TOWARD ME TO HOLD MY ATTENTION! BUT I THINK I KNOW THIS GAME! WE SHALL SEE---
NOW!

WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, YOUNG FALCON SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND LETS HIS ARROW FLY AT A TARGET BEHIND HIM!

AS I EXPECTED!



THE SHAFT STRIKES TRUE AND HARD AT THE GRIZZLY RUSHING FROM BEHIND!

GRAACH!



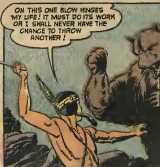
INSTANTLY, THE INDIAN YOUTH LEAPS TO ONE SIDE AS THE FIRST BEAR LUNGES AT HIM!

Swoosh!





THAT WAS CLOSE! HE
WILL BE ON ME AGAIN
BEFORE I CAN DRAW
MY BOW AND TAKE AIM!
MY TRUSTY TOMAHAWK
WILL HAVE TO DO
THE WORK!



ON THIS ONE BLOW MINGES
MY LIFE! IT MUST DO ITS WORK
OR I SHALL NEVER HAVE THE
CHANCE TO THROW
ANOTHER!



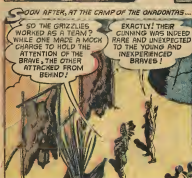
GROWRR!

WITH THE FORCE OF
EVERY MIGHTY
MUSCLE BEHIND IT,
THE TOMAHAWK
GLEVES THE AIR!



IT IS DONE! THAT WAS FAR
TOO NARROW AN ESCAPE TO
SUIT THIS HEART, BUT FORTUNE
WALKED BESIDE ME!

CARAAASH!



SO THE GRIZZLIES
WORKED AS A TEAM?
WHILE ONE MADE A MOCK
CHARGE TO HOLD THE
ATTENTION OF THE
BRAVE, THE OTHER
ATTACKED FROM
BEHIND!

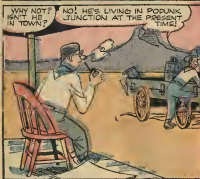
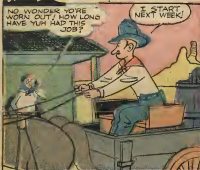
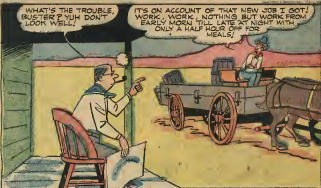
EXACTLY! THEIR
CUNNING WAS INDEED
RARE AND UNEXPECTED
TO THE YOUNG AND
INEXPERIENCED
BRAVES!

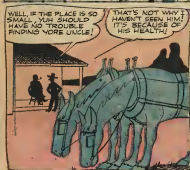
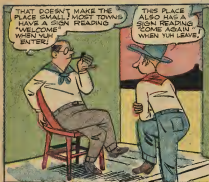


WHEN I EXAMINED THE
GRIZZLY TRACKS, SOME
WERE UNMISTAKABLY
LARGER THAN OTHERS!
THAT MEANT THERE WERE
TWO BEARS! I REASONED
THE REST--AND HOPED
I WAS RIGHT!

AND YOU WERE! YOU
ARE INDEED A TRUE
WARRIOR, YOUNG
FALCON....BRAVEST
OF THE BRAVE!

BUSTER and R







GABBY HAYES

becomes a **TAX COLLECTOR**

KEEP OUT, VARMINTS!
TAX COLLECTORS HEREABOUTS
COLLECT NOTHING BUT
BUSTED BONDS!

OWN! WE'LL NEVER
COLLECT FROM THAT
MISER ABEL! HIS
RANCH IS LIKE A
FORT!

ABEL'S RANCH
KEEP OUT!

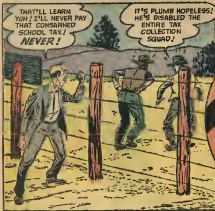
WHUMP!
TAX
RECORDS

WEALTHY MISER ABEL CAN'T BARE TO PAY
THE RANWHIDE SCHOOL TAX--BUT HE FINDS THAT
RIP-ROARING GABBY HAYES, PINCH-HITTING
AS A TAX COLLECTOR, IS EVEN HARDER TO
BARE!

THAT'LL LEARN
YUH! I'LL NEVER PAY
THAT CONSERVED
SCHOOL TAX!
NEVER!

IT'S PLUMB HOPELESS!
HE'S DISABLED THE
ENTIRE TAX
COLLECTION
SQUAD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SCHOOLS!
WHY, I'M THE RICHEST HOMRE
IN RANWHIDE COUNTY--AND
I CAN'T READ OR WRITE!



**MISER ABEL'S ACTIONS AGAINST TAX COLLECTORS
CREATES A CRISIS IN RAWHIDE!**

NOW WHAT, MAYOR
MAZE? WE'VE RUN OUT
OF HOSPITAL BEDS
AND TAX
COLLECTORS!

EMERGENCY
INFIRMARY

TARNATION! WITH THE
SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN,
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT IN
RAWHIDE THAT'LL VOLUNTEER
TO COLLECT THE TAXES!

WITHOUT THE FUNDS
THAT MISER ABEL OWES
US WE'LL HAVE TO
CLOSE THE SCHOOLS!

UNWIND
YOURSELF,
MAYOR!
RECKON IT'S
TIME I TOOK
OVER!



LEAVE IT TO
GABBY HAYES!
I'LL MAKE
MISER PAY UP
PRONTO!

VERY WELL!
TRY IT—BUT
WE WON'T
PAY YOUR
HOSPITAL
BILLS!

ADIOS,
PAROS!

PREPARE
ANOTHER BED
FOR GABBY!
WE'LL SURE
NEED IT!

GABBY!
GABBY!
WAIT FOR ME!
I'LL GO WITH YOU!
I HEARD WHAT
YOU ARE GOING
TO DO!

SKEDADDLE,
TIPPY!
MISER IS
A PLUMS
DANGEROUS
SIDEWINDER!



THEN
YOU'LL
NEED ME
TO HELP!

HOGWASH!
GABBY HAYES
DOESN'T NEED
HELP FROM A
LEETLE SPROUT
LIKE YOU! BUT
COME ALONG,
ANYWAY!

SET TIGHT,
TIPPY! I'LL BE
BACK PRONTO!

FRY MY BOOTS
IF THIS ISN'T THE
SILLIEST-LOOKING
GOPHER THAT EVER
POPPED OUT OF
A HOLE!





GOPHER, HEY? I'M KING OF THE BUFFALOES, IDJIT--AND I'LL PUT YUH CLEAR OVER THE ROCKIES!

WHUMP!



HEE-HEE! RECKON MY HEAD IS SO JAM-PACKED WITH BRAINS IT ABSORBS SHOCKS EASY!

UNAWARE THAT THE GUARD'S KITT PROTECTS HIM, GABBY SWAGGERS PAST THE OTHER GUARDS!

HA! MY REPUTATION SCARED THEM! THEY DON'T DARE MAKE A MOVE AT ME!

HAND OVER THAT GOLD, MISER! I WANT TAXES!

AWK!



IF IT'S--OH--TACKS THAT YUH WANT, JUST SIT DOWN!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MISER! I'LL EVEN WAIT TIL YUH FINISH YORE BUSINESS WITH THAT SIDEWINDER, WINDY SWINDLE!

YEE-OH-WH!

THAR! THAT'S THE ONLY TACKS YUH'LL GET FROM ME!





JEHOSHAPHAT! I'VE GOT A WILDCAT UP HERE AND HUMAN BUZZARDS BELOW! I'M ATTACKED FROM ALL SIDES!

SHOOT THE VARMINT DOWN!



GABBY'S WEIGHT CRACKS THE TREE BRANCH THE WILDCAT IS ON!

YEDOW! CRACK!



WHAT IN THUNDER---

YOWL!

GRRR!



GRRRR!

RUN! THE HOUNDS WILL KILL US TO GET THIS CONSERVED WILDCAT!



HEH HEH! WHILE THEM GUARDS GET A LITTLE EXERCISE, I'LL GET THE SCHOOL TAX!

HALP!



JUST AS MISER IS ABOUT TO SIGN HIS 'X' TO A BIG CONTRACT WITH WINDY SWINDLE...

THIS IS THE BIGGEST DEAL I EVER MADE, WINDY!

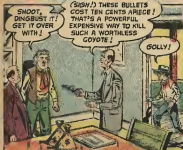
YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN TO ME NOW!

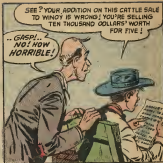
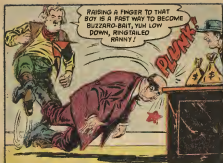
THE PEST IS BACK!



EVER SEE HOW THESE NEW-FANGLED FOUNTAIN PENS WORK, GABBY?

SPLAT!





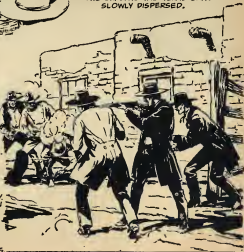
AT FORT GRIFFIN, DOC HAD KILLED ED BAILEY OVER A GAME OF POKER, AND THE MARSHAL WAS HOLDING DOC PRISONER IN A HOTEL ROOM. DOC'S DANCEHALL GIRL FRIEND, BIG-NOSED KATE, SET FIRE TO THE BACK OF THE HOTEL. EVERYONE, EXCEPT THE GUARD OVER DOC, RAN TO FIGHT THE FLAMES. KATE STEPPED INTO THE ROOM WITH A SIX-GUN, TOOK THE GUARD'S GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND RE-ARMED DOC WITH HIS OWN GUN. SHE AND DOC LEFT HURRIEDLY ON THEIR NEARBY TETHERED PONIES. BY THE TIME A POSSE WAS ORGANIZED, KATE AND DOC WERE MILES AWAY.



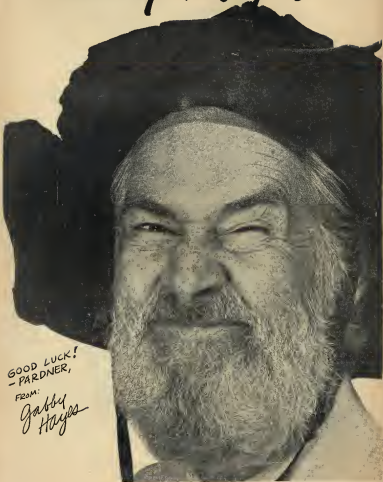
THE FAMOUS MARSHAL WYATT EARP, IN '78 WAS KEEPING ORDER IN THE TRAIL TOWN OF DODGE CITY. SOME FIFTY TEXAS COWBOYS OF THE DRISKILL-MORRISON OUTFIT GOT LIQUORED UP AND BEGAN TO "HURRAH" THE TOWN, SHOOTING OUT STORE WINDOWS, HELPING THEMSELVES TO MORE WHISKEY AND INVITING THE CITIZENS OUT TO OPPOSE THEM. EARP RAN INTO THE GANG IN FRONT OF THE LONG BRANCH SALOON, IN THE BACK ROOM OF WHICH DOC HOLLIDAY SAT PLAYING CARDS. THE MARSHAL HAD NO CHANCE TO DRAW HIS GUNS FOR FIFTY PUNCHERS WITH A GUN IN EACH HAND WOULD HAVE MADE DODGE CITY SHORT A MARSHAL PRONTO!

JUST AS THE RINGLEADERS WERE GOING TO KILL THE MARSHAL, HOLLIDAY BURST OUT OF THE SALOON DOORS WITH A COLT IN EACH HAND. THIS MOMENTARY INTERRUPTION GAVE EARP THE CHANCE TO DRAW HIS GUNS AND UNDER THE THREAT OF THE FOUR GUNS OF THE TWO EXPERTS THE TEXAS GANG SLOWLY DISPERSED.

AT TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, DOC TOOK PART IN ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED SIX-GUN DUELS IN HISTORY — THE FIGHT AT THE OK CORRAL! THE EARP BROTHERS, WYATT, VIRGIL AND MORGAN WITH DOC FOUGHT THE BROTHERS OF THE CLANTON-MC LOWERY CLAN. DOC STARTED WITH A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, BUT DISGUSTED WITH IT'S SHORT RANGE, DREW THE DEADLY NICKEL-PLATED COLT AND FINISHED OFF FRANK MC LOWERY WHO WAS LYING ON THE GROUND HOLDING A BEAD ON HIM. THE FIGHT WAS OVER IN A VERY FEW SECONDS, 17 SHOTS BEING FIRED FROM EACH SIDE AND ON THE EARP SIDE MORGAN WAS HIT IN THE SHOULDER AND VIRGIL IN THE LEG — NEITHER VERY SERIOUSLY. DOC HOLLIDAY WENT ON TO CLEAN UP THE REST OF THE TOMBSTONE OUTLAWS WITH THE EARPS AND LATER DIED IN COLORADO FROM THE CONSUMPTION WHICH HAD MADE HIM ONE OF THE SOUTH-WEST'S MOST FEARLESS GUNSLINGERS.



Gabby Hayes



GOOD LUCK!
- PARDNER,

FROM:

Gabby
Hayes